

WORTH FIVE DOLLARS

The Idler's Friends Place a High Value
on His Bills.

NOMINEE BRYAN AND HIS WIFE,
WITH TWO LAWYERS IN THE WHITE
HOUSE, WITH THE PRESIDENT BE
HONORED—COMMODORE JACKSON AND
HIS JOLLY JACKTARS.

Among the many striking points of resemblance between myself and the Patriarch Job is the tendency in my part to be frequently afflicted with those fiery prostrations known as boils and carbuncles. Ofttimes I blossem with these radiant appendages even as the strawberry patch in early spring. The doctors say it is due to humor of the blood, but if their diagnoses be correct, I most assuredly find great difficulty in utilizing this humor when I set out to pen my weekly (weakly) letters. Barraging the creation with which the carbuncular individual must necessarily take a chair or move about. I could bear up bravely were it not for the expressions of sympathy which the public see fit to heap upon me. "Gat boils, have you?" they say, and then they add: "Well, you're lucky, each one is worth \$5." Every man, in turn, as he beholds me in my trouble, makes the same remark, until I am forcibly reminded that on my person I carry at least \$300 in collateral securities. The worst of it all, however, is that I am utterly unable to negotiate these securities. They are very much like I fear the free-coinsage dollar will be.

Never yet have I been able to ascertain the name of the demon who first attached this legend to him who first rated them as the "diseases" value which is never realized. But this I do know—there is not a soul in all this country who refrains from offering the suggestion as a consolation stroke. Each one does it with a degree of confidence which indicates his belief that the auditor will forthwith be repelled. And up in the heart of the indolent boffin sufferer there surges a wild desire to commit misdeeds in the guise of the small Aesop who bears the wings of all-dreaded good fortune.

You may talk about your prussic acid and prussic acids, your laudanums and your phlorins, and all the other deadly liquids you dare please, but I know a fluid that beats 'em all. It's the juice of a woman's eye! the tear-drops that gush up from those lustrous fountains, and route man like a railroad of quicksilver. The weeping woman, the woman who gets the sun-bonnet, she may rip and snort, may tear her hair and rave; but her master is obdurate until she cries. Then he melts like sugar, Cleopatra is paid to have dissolved a priceless pearl in vinegar. So also have I dissolved many a coin in the briny coatings of my dictatorial optical organ. And the result of it all is that woman knows wherein she possesses strength. She not only wears commandments, but wears judicature. She holds her tears as a reserve force, and when all other devices have failed she looks the enemy with their downpour. What man can resist the lachrymose moment?

Man is an arrant coward. He doesn't compare with woman in point of bravery. In fact, I've seen one of the latter bipedal route six of the former. She did it with her leg, and I, too, but as a matter of fact she had the most courage, anyway. Let a man get sick. A bowl is forthwith set up and his wife is all in a sweat. She cannot hustle around fast enough, for her consort swears he's dying and bellows like an injured bull. The next day the weekly owns, with many excuses, that he has fully recovered, and modestly claims to be in full working sopor, and the cucumbers. Perhaps, after his awful recontre with death, he will even make a few calls or "tote" a barrel of flour into the house. But, oh! how awful are his rayings when he comes home stricken with some malady that disables him for a day. You cannot fetch the hot water soon enough, and he expects mustard plasters to meet him on the way up from the office. The doctor must be at his bed-side. The doctor must be at his bed-side. And he laments the fact that he's too ill to add a codicil to his last will and testament. In fact, he acts like a great, big, squalling baby, and is in every way comparable to an infant, save that one can spank an infant, whereas there is no such redress as far as the man is concerned. When the husband goes sick, the neighbors, to be truly considerate, would drop in and carry their marvelled sympathy over for the wife. She is the one to be pitied. What I've said applies to every man I've ever seen, excepting, of course, myself.

THE IDLE REPORTER.

DICKENSON COUNTY.

A Indian Grave Opened—Two Legs.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

DWALE, VA., July 16.—An Indian's grave was discovered in the vicinity of Dwale a day or two ago, and soon a party of curious persons gathered upon the spot, and decided to open it and see what manner of trinkets had been placed in the grave to accompany poor Lo to the happy hunting-ground. With spades and mattocks the party dug into the earth about one foot, where they found a layer of flat stones covering the entire grave over. After removing these stones they found various articles of trinkets, such as pieces of crockery, arrow-heads, curiously-carved red stones, and pieces of iron in sizes about 2x3 inches. Pieces of bones were also found; but they were in a bad state of preservation. Charcoal in small pieces was found intermixed with these things, it was said to have been the custom among the Indians when one of their number died to bury all of his possessions with him, that he might at once cease his earthly career and take up his abode in the happy hunting-ground of his fathers.

LEGENDS.

There are several legends in this neighborhood connected with the red man, two of which I beg to relate: One is that a large poplar tree, more than twenty-five feet in circumference, stands about one quarter of a mile from Dwale, which "forks" out into two separate trees, the fork being larger than an ordinary oak-tree. In one of these there is a knot-hole, into which it is said the Indians stored a quantity of silver, reaching that point of the tree by cutting another tree, which lodged in the "forks" of the poplar. Up this route they ascended till they reached the desired point. After storing their silver away they let the log drop to the ground by cutting off a stick as high up as the middle of the trunk, when the end would fall down; and the cutting was continued till the whole log fell.

Another legend is this: There is a large mass of rock, about one half mile in length, running parallel with the Buchanan road, and having a wide chasm in the middle of the rock, lengthwise, the whole distance. It looks very much as if some herculean force rent the rocks in a former age. In several places the rock on the lower side is broken, and great masses have rolled away, leaving large openings. The ground above the surface presents a striking contrast, being the very picture of ruggedness. There is space enough on top of these rocks in several places below the chasm for a game of base-ball to be played. It is almost perfectly level and covered with a species of wild grass and shrubbery.

THE DEVIL'S WORK.

Once upon a time there were some pious Indians living in their wigwams upon these rocks, and the Okee (the devil)

would not mention the other things to which they could testify. In his childhood, it is said, it was his delight to dash up the gutters with his stumpy toe, and then traverse the pond with juvenile ships, his love of water increased with his years. Later on he navigated the Reservoir Lake, and at 21 he was known as the "Pathfinder of Gillie's Creek," and the "Americus Vespuus of Shockoe Creek." His whole conversation savors of the marine. He "beaves a hoyo" every time he shows up among the "canoeists" and talks about the "board-cards," the "poon-decks," the "stern-boats," the "top-sail-boats," and all those things, like the hero of a 10-cent novel. One stormy night, when the waves were foaming wildly, I saw him unaided, steer three schooners into port. And so, in view of all this, it is not strange that a great joy inflated him (even as the hot-air puffs a balloon), when the title of "Commodore" was conferred upon him. Recognizing his abilities as a seaman, the Virginia Yachting Club tacked this handle to his immortal name. This club, however, is not the only organization for the purpose of navigation, but, really, the main object of its members is to search the Atlantic for the point of some of Jackson's jokes; he had sprung several which baffled the utmost research on dry land, and so it was decided to drag the Atlantic for the much-expected points in question.

THE INTERMONT.

An Attractive Company—Pretty Drives—Late Arrivals.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

COVINGTON, VA., July 17.—The company gathering at the Intermont is representative in every respect. It is composed of people of gentle birth and breeding, who are seeking a pleasant, comfortable, and restful home. The typical summer resort habitude finds little to attract at a place of this kind, but the resourceful types who enjoy reading, writing, pleasant social intercourse, a game of cards, a pretty mountain drive or walk, and a cheerful circle of congenial summer friends, think the Intermont an ideal summer home.

The young people, too, have their dance, in the hall-room every evening. The orchestra is exceptionally good, and renders dance-music with satisfaction to the dancers and pleasure to the spectators. Sometimes the married people join enthusiastically in the lancers or Virginia reel.

PRETTY DRIVES.

A party drove on Tuesday to the beautiful Falling Spring, about eight miles up the valley, an attractive mountain road. The falls are 100 feet high, and are surrounded by romantic and picturesque scenery.

Another party drove on Thursday afternoon seven miles down the valley, through lovely scenery, to Low Moor, the pretty mountain town, which is the centre of large manufacturing and mining interests, and presents so much that is worth seeing in these special industries.

A large game of cards was played on Tuesday evening, the fortunate winner of the closely-contested prize being Miss Ranney of Louisville, Ky.

And so the pleasant days come and go, too rapid in their flight even for the rest-seekers, and like dying moments for those who have occupation.

Among late arrivals is lovely Mrs. P. Bookner Robinson of Louisville, and her child and nurse. Mrs. Robinson was Miss Ellie Bissell of Asheville, N. C., on the 21st of June. She is a beautiful and attractive young lady, who wins friends easily and greatly. Mr. Robinson, who is a member of a large and influential firm in Louisville, will arrive in a few days to spend his three or four weeks' vacation.

PETERSBURG GUESTS.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Venable, of Petersburg, Va., and their interesting family, of two sons and a daughter, arrived on Wednesday. Mrs. Venable is a woman who leaves an impress wherever she goes, for sterling qualities and womanly attributes, which make her a noble wife, a wise and loving mother, and a faithful wife.

Mrs. W. J. Gage, of New York, and her sister, Mrs. William Churchill Jordan; Miss Gage, and Mr. Cecil W. Gage, have arrived, and are a very agreeable addition to the social life. The party were here last summer, and have returned two weeks earlier this season.

Mrs. W. J. Smith, of St. Louis, and Mrs. Nicholas Williams, of Memphis, Tenn., sisters, whose social qualities make them welcome on these occasions, they having spent last season here, have arrived.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sterns, Mrs. Louise F. Whitlock, Mrs. Edmund Pierce, Mr. Philip Ford, and Mrs. and Mrs. Barton Grundy, who were making a tour through the mountains on a private car, stopped over at Intermont to see friends there, on Friday afternoon, and went on to the Hot Springs from the White Sulphur.

Despite Mr. Robertson's extreme views concerning the apparel of the party, their appearance will be decidedly negligent. The navigators do not expect to see the woman on the whole trip, and when the woman would be apt to retreat, last year Charlie Williams served to take breakfast one morning in a "collar and cravat" and "fancy dress," described the costume, and he was forcibly ejected from the saloon and denuded of this neckwear. Whether the "collar and cravat" was the only thing he wore on the occasion mentioned, I cannot say. Mr. Gathway, by the way, was one of the mariners on that famous cruise, and though he proved an able steersman, he never acquired but one name phrase—that was, "Let her huf!" He applied this term in reference to every possible position of the boat, and continually be sought the privilege.

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With the other, while he was in prison, and cut from a Richmond paper at that time? Justice, human justice? Is it dead? Oh, God, to thee

Ever ascends our earnest prayer to set our martyr free.

For him, we plead for him alone our champion and our head;

For him, our brave, true-hearted one,

whose every hope has died.

Endurance, we beseech you, our champion,

that spirit live!

Resistance is a dream to him, poor prisoner of woe!

Shut out from life and human hope, shall none play the saint?

On him must all the burden fall? On him the weight of pain?

Needless the cry for human aid, for God alone is just?

Dread vengeance in the human heart

treats mercy in the dust.

Afar a weary watcher weeps in bitterness alone;

Vain! vain! alas! a woman's tears to

sooty hearts of stone.

On Thee, O God! we trust; for him we plead to thee;

Silent, yet heart-felt, still the prayer,

"God, set the martyr free."

C. M. C.